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J. H. Hopkins.

THE HORN BOOK

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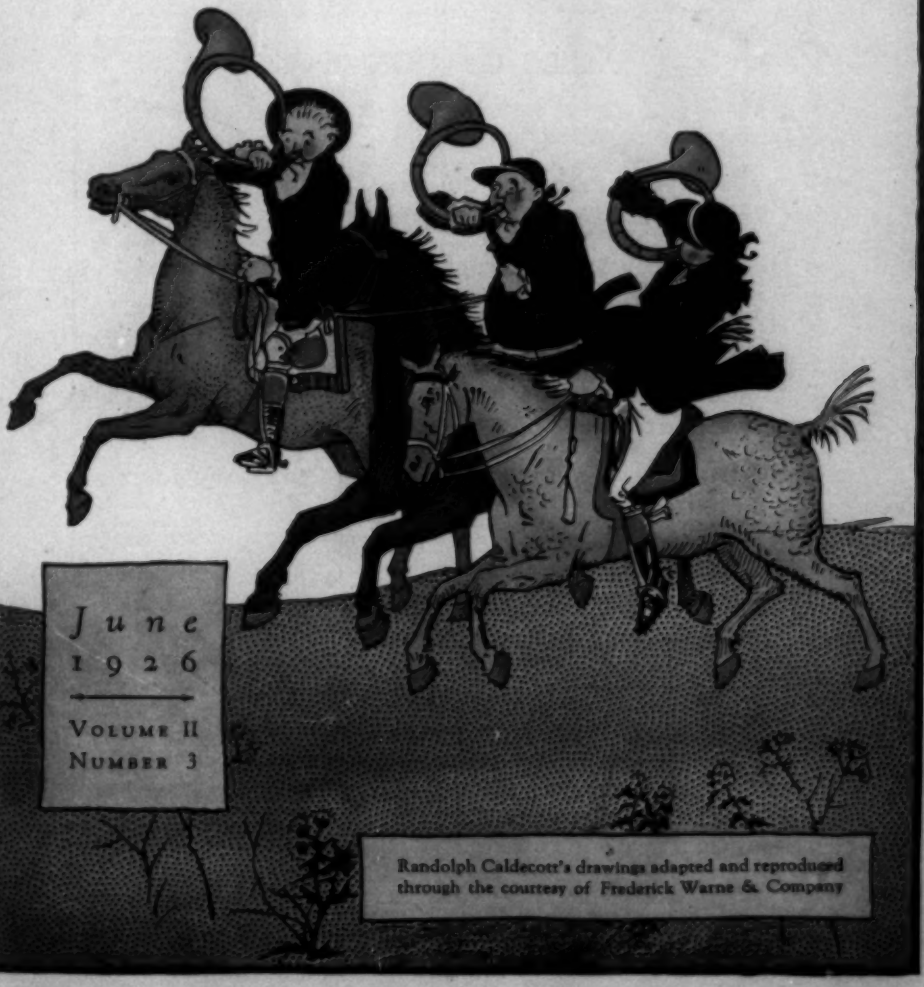

June
1926

VOLUME II
NUMBER 3

Randolph Caldecott's drawings adapted and reproduced through the courtesy of Frederick Warne & Company

THE HORN BOOK

Volume II JUNE, 1926 *Number 3*

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"There was a child went forth every day,
And the first object he looked upon, that object he became,
And that object became part of him for the day or a certain part of the day,
Or for many years or stretching cycles of years.

The early lilacs became part of this child,
And grass and white and red morning glories, and white and red clover, and the song of the phœbe-bird,
And the third-month lambs and the sow's pink-faint litter, and the mare's foal and the cow's calf,
And the noisy brood of the barnyard or by the mire of the pondside,
And the fish suspending themselves so curiously below there, and the beautiful, curious liquid,
And the water-plants, with their graceful, flat heads—
all became part of him."

WALT WHITMAN.

(Frontispiece and line drawings by Francis D. Bedford, used in "Children and Solitude" and in "The White Heron," are taken from Macdonald's "At the Back of the North Wind," published by the Macmillan Company.)

THE HORN BOOK

Volume II JUNE, 1926 *Number 3*

CHILDREN AND SOLITUDE

THE June day was clear and cool, with a brisk west wind ruffling the waters of the stream which connects Lower Naukeag with its sister, Lake Naukeag. "The sky is blue," said the five-year-old boy who was my companion, "but the water is bluer." We were bound for a point on the upper lake from which we could see Monadnock. "And then," said the child, "I'll show you where we had a picnic the day school closed. There are pine trees and there's a sandy beach. And then we'll see *hundreds* of Trilliums, and perhaps we'll find Lady's Slippers." As we passed along the path he identified strawberry and blueberry blossoms, and wintergreen, and attempted to explain the various wood sounds as "There, what was that? Could it be the fox? Or is it a bear?"

This reminded me of three children in another part of New England who also spent most of their free time during seven months of the year in the woods. They liked to account for the noises of the woods in romantic ways. A certain reverberation of the earth, undoubtedly quarry blasting a few miles away, was said with great unction to be "a 'n'elefunt coming this way." Such was the power of suggestion that this picture dwelt on would send feet scurrying homeward—no reasons stated.

These woods were warp and woof of the three children's lives. They were wooded hills, from which the land sloped like a hollow bowl to the

ocean. The sea was always there, as a part of the picture, a little remote, and very mighty. Occasionally a high and rare festival took place on its sands, arranged by grown-ups. But the woods were the children's own. They lived in the midst of the changes wrought by spring, summer, and fall. They came to know the brook by heart, and each year they followed it deeper and deeper into the woods. This yearly penetration farther up the brook, up the paths and away from home, was one of the excitements of each summer.

Perhaps it is this background of pleasure and joy which makes some taste of country life with freedom to explore seem indispensable to a happy childhood. It also makes the schedule of fine summer camps seem too carefully and tightly arranged if they do not provide large, free areas of time. There must be real leisure in children's lives. Childhood is the time when the eye to see is keenest; and impressions are deepest. The beauties of nature cannot be explored and enjoyed in a fixed time, or just by the way, or between two appointments.

The books mentioned here have meant inimitable pleasure because they afforded a chance to re-live the enchantment of my own wanderings and explorings as a child, wanderings and explorings still continued as occasion serves. I hope that others to whom they are new, older boys and girls as well as grown-ups, will get the same joy from them.

"Far Off Things"
by
Arthur Machen

"I have said that already in my youth I was a deep and learned student of the country about my home, and that I always saw it as a kind of fairyland. And, cross-examining my memory, I find that I have in no way exaggerated or over-coloured these early and earliest impressions. Fairyland is too precise a word; I would rather say that I saw everything in something the spirit in which the first explorers gazed on the tropical luxuries and strangeness of the South American forests, on the rock cities of Peru, on the unconjectured seas that burst upon them from that peak in Darien, on the wholly unimagined splendours of the Mexican monarchy. So it was with me as a child. I came into a strange country, and strange it ever remained to me, so that when I left it forever there were still hills within sight and yet untrodden, lanes and paths of which I knew the beginning but not the end."

Here is testimony of the vivid first impressions of out-of-doors from a man who was born "in that noble, fallen Caerleon-in-Usk, in the heart of Gwent," Wales.

Then there is that wonderful record of a child's life and a child's spirit in Russia many years ago, held as an almost day-to-day record "in a magic crystal mirror," and written down by a man of sixty when full of pain and illness. At one point in his memories he writes of the effect of the spring upon him.

"Years of Childhood"
by
Sergei Aksakoff

"My heart and mind were full; some mysterious business seemed to weigh on me and make me anxious; I felt a mysterious desire to go somewhere. And yet, in reality, I went nowhere and did nothing; I neither read nor wrote. It was impossible to read and write when the birch buds were bursting and the fragrant bird-cherries breaking into blossom—when the crinkled leaflets, as they opened, threw a veil of whitish down over the black gooseberry bushes—when the larks hung all day right over the courtyard, pouring out a stream of unvarying song till it died away in the sky, a song which caught at my heart and affected me to tears—when all the slopes were covered with crocuses, purple and blue and white and yellow, and the funnel-shaped grass-blades and close-sheathed flower-buds stole everywhere out of the ground—when ladybirds and beetles of every kind came out into the kindly light, and white and yellow butterflies began to flash past, and bees and bumble-bees to buzz—when there was movement in the water, noise on the earth, and the very air trembled—when the sunbeams quivered as they made their way through the moist atmosphere filled with the elements of life. How much business I had, how many anxieties!

Twice every day I had to visit the wood and make sure that the jackdaws were sitting on their nests; I had to listen to their incessant cawing; I had to watch the lilac leaves opening to let out the plum-coloured clusters of the coming blossom—the finches and warblers establishing themselves in the gooseberry bushes and barberries—the ant heaps waking to life and movement, where first a few ants showed themselves and then multitudes poured forth and began their labours—the swallows flashing past and diving into their old nests under the eaves—the clucking hen brooding over her tiny chickens, while the kite made circles and floated above them. Oh, I had business enough and cares enough!"

These are proper cares of childhood even though few children have the "crystal mirror" in which to store them. But even to the average child they form the richest possible background to the tapestry of his life, and who knows what effect they have upon the more prominent design? It should be remembered, too, that these are not one season's impressions, but the impressions of many seasons. They are the result of long-unmeasured days, when the boy has fairly soaked himself in the out-of-door-world.

Then there is the pure physical joy in nature which so many children feel, even though they seldom put it into words and very rarely express it with the genius of the naturalist whose boyhood was spent in South America.

"Far Away and Long Ago" by W. H. Hudson

"I rejoiced in colours, scents, sounds, in taste and touch; the blue of the sky, the verdure of earth, the sparkle of sunlight on water, the taste of milk, of fruit, of honey, the smell of dry or moist soil, of wind and rain, of herbs and flowers; the mere feel of a blade of grass made me happy; and there were certain sounds and perfumes, and above all, certain colours in flowers, and in the plumage and eggs of birds, such as the purple polished shell of the tinamou's egg, which intoxicated me with delight. When, riding on the plain, I discovered a patch of scarlet verbenas in full bloom, the creeping plants covering an area of several yards, with a moist, green sward sprinkled abundantly with the shining flower-bosses, I would throw myself from my pony with a cry of joy to lie on the turf among them and feast my sight on their brilliant colour."

The boy was alone, of course, and a child must be alone in the fields and woods for long periods of time to feel that oneness with nature which brings the truest joy. No "hikes" in crowds of Boy or Girl Scouts and no group rambles with a camp leader create this opportunity. They are splendid introductions to be sure, and joys in themselves, but long leisure for free and solitary rambling must exist if there is to be rich living in the open.

In another book a famous architect shows how he learned from the sun, the wind, and the woods in New England country, where he spent summers with his grandparents. He tells of a day of exploration when he attempted to locate the boundaries of his domain. He had found his north, east, and south boundaries, and—now for the marsh, and the western bounds.

"The Autobiography of an Idea" by Louis H. Sullivan

"It was a lovely marsh, shaped like an oval, enshrined by the diminishing trees of his grove and a margin of heavy shrubbery all around. In the near background, beyond the far end of the marsh, were scattering swamp pines and cedars standing very straight and tapering to a point; they were welcome to him as they stood on guard behind the dense thicket. But the marsh itself—how beautiful—covered with water half-knee deep, filled with groups of tall bullrushes, of reeds of blue flag, and slender grasses; and bright flowers here and

there along the wavering edge. What joy to wade and wade, lengthwise and crosswise, pulling up a flag now and again and stripping it to reach the edible core; following the margin to seek out hidden flowers. It was too much; too much at one time for one small boy. And then, in mingled affection and gratitude, he established as western boundary a vague semi-circle of deep green holding in its heart a marsh—his marsh without price. Slowly he returned to the dam-site (this he had built himself on some previous day) to think it all over. Now was the work done. The boundaries of his domain established. The domain his very own. His breast swelled with pride. It was all his. No other boy should ever enter those lovely precincts. No other boy could understand. Besides, he loved solitude as he loved activity and the open."

Solitude may seem too mature a word to use with children, but many people will agree with the five writers quoted here, and my own experience makes me know, that some solitude is as necessary to children as it is to grown-ups.

* "White daisies are down in the meadow,
And queer little beetles and things,
And sometimes nice rabbits and field mice
And blackbirds with red on their wings.

I want to explore all alone,
With nobody spying around,
All alone, all alone, all alone!
It has such a wonderful sound."

B. E. M.

* John C. Farrar.

WHAT WILL YOU READ THIS SUMMER?

Books on this list may be borrowed from The New Room of The Bookshop at the rate of $.04 a day.

BOYS AND GIRLS THE WORLD OVER

Brown	Arnold's Little Brother	$1.75
Chesnez	Lady Green Satin	2.00
Fairstar	Memoirs of a London Doll	1.00
French	The Lance of Kanana	1.25
Lindsay	Little Missy	1.50
Marshall	Jimmie, the New Boy	1.75
Moon	Chi-Wee	2.00
Moore	Nicholas	2.00
Phillips	Pretty Polly Perkins	1.50
Rowe	The Rabbit Lantern	1.50
Sharp	Young James	2.00
Spyri	Heidi	1.50
Vickers	Tarbury Tor	1.25
White	When Molly Was Six	1.65
Zwilgmeyer	Johnny Blossom	1.50
Adams	Mehitable	1.75
Adams	Wisp, a Girl of Dublin	2.00
Aldrich	The Story of a Bad Boy	2.00
Barbour	The Winning Year	1.75
Bennett	Judy of York Hill	1.75
Dodge	Hans Brinker	1.75
Duganne	Ruthie	1.75
Ewing	We and the World	2.00
Hamlin	Beloved Acres	1.75
Hughes	Tom Brown's School Days	1.75
Martineau	Feats on the Fiord	1.75
Mukerji	Hari, the Jungle Lad	2.00
Pier	Friends and Rivals	1.75
Stefansson	Kak, the Copper Eskimo	2.25
Tarkington	Penrod	.75
Twain	The Adventures of Tom Sawyer	2.25
Vachell	The Hill	2.00

THE FAR HORIZONS

Far off the Fairy Horns are blowing
Through the morning, through the dew,
The trees of emerald green, the blue,
The windy clouds all white and new,
O, come—all—ye—Gypsies!

There is a rustle in the leaves, a ripple in the grass,
A singing in the heart, my love,
The brooks as clear as glass,
And there the far horizon lies
An invitation to new skies,
O, come—all—ye—Gypsies!

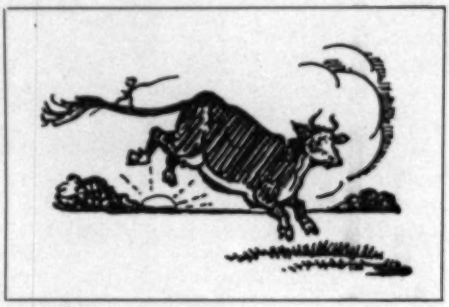
Altsheler	The Guns of Bull Run	$1.75
"	Young Trailers	1.75
Bennett	Master Skylark	2.00
Colum	The Adventures of Odysseus	2.00
"	The Forge in the Forest	2.00
"	The Voyagers	2.00
Davis	A Friend of Cæsar	2.00
Dix	A Little Captive Lad	2.00
Du Chaillu	Lost in the Jungle	1.75
French	Rolf and the Viking's Bow	2.00
	Sir Marrok	1.75
Hawes	The Mutineers	2.00
Lagerlof	The Wonderful Adventures of Nils	1.75
Lanier	Boys' King Arthur	2.50
McNeil	Tonty of the Iron Hand	2.00
Meigs	The New Moon	2.00
Nordhoff	The Pearl Lagoon	2.00
Pyle	Men of Iron	2.00
"	The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood	3.50
Schultz	The Questers of the Desert	1.75
Scott	Quentin Durward	2.50
Seaman	When a Cobbler Ruled a King	1.75
Skinner	Silent Scot: Frontier Scout	1.75
Singmaster	A Boy at Gettysburg	1.75
Snedeker	The Spartan	2.00
	Theras and His Town	1.75
Stein	The Little Shepherd of Provence	1.50
Stevenson	The Black Arrow	1.50
"	Kidnapped	1.50
"	Treasure Island	1.50
Tucker	The Boy Whaleman	2.00
Twain	The Prince and the Pauper	2.25
White	The Magic Forest	1.00
Wiggin and Smith	Arabian Nights' Entertainments	2.50

STORIES OF LAUGHTER

But wow! One night when the moon was full,
At the minchiken Hour o' Mouse,
The de'il got into the cattle AND
They danced it about the house.

. . . . .

Wi' crumplety horns, and twinklety hoofs
They danced to a jigglety tune,
While old Brown Bess in the van gave tongue
To "The Cow Jumped Over the Moon."



Bianco	Poor Cecco	$3.00
Brooke	Johnny Crow's Garden	1.75
Clark	Poppy Seed Cakes	2.00
Grahame	The Wind in the Willows	1.75
Hale	Peterkin Papers	2.00
Horne	King Penguin	1.00
Jerome	Three Men in a Boat	1.35
King	Ruffs and Pompons	2.00
Lofting	Dr. Dolittle's Zoo	2.50
"	The Story of Mrs. Tubbs	1.25
Parrish	Knee-High to a Grasshopper	2.50
Rickert	Bojabi Tree	.75
Roberts	The Wonderful Adventures of Ludo, the Little Green Duck	2.00
Sandburg	Rootabaga Stories	2.00
Stockton	The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine	1.75
Twain	A Connecticut Yankee in the Court of King Arthur	2.25

STORIES OF THE GOOD FOLK

"Whist, Jane! What's by the rose-bush?"
"Wally, it is fourscore
Wee green riders on snow-white steeds
With the Queen before!"
What's that by the rose-bush?
Granny said, "There were Good Folk once
But they come no more."

Andersen	Fairy Tales	$1.75
Bailey	Seven Peas in a Pod	2.25
Bancroft	The Goblins of Haubeck	1.50
Barrie	Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens	2.50
Beston	The Firelight Fairy Book	.80
Eliot	Buttercup Days	1.50
"	The Wind Boy	2.00
Finger	Tales from Silver Lands	2.50
Jacobs	English Fairy Tales	1.75
MacDonald	At the Back of the North Wind	1.50
McManus	In Chimney Corners	1.75
Stephens	Irish Fairy Tales	2.50
Tarn	The Treasure of the Isle of Mist	1.90
Thomas	Welsh Fairy Tales	2.50

PEOPLE OF GOOD WILL

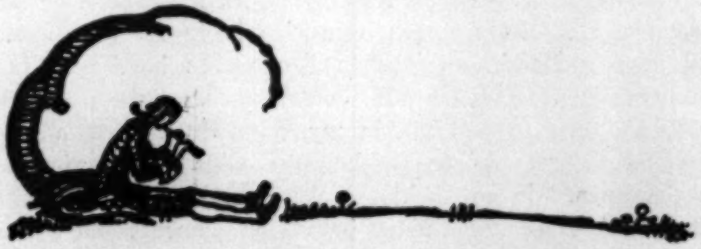
Those things toward which good men aspire
Although the world condemn,
And though they seem to die, apart,
Safe hid in Nature's holy heart,
Grow great to comfort them;
So peace from earth be with you still,
Men of good will, men of good will.

Baker	The Diary and Letters of Josephine Preston Peabody	$4.50
Barrie	Margaret Ogilvy	1.75
Gilbert	More than Conquerors	1.75
Grenfell	A Labrador Doctor	5.00
Hagedorn	Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt	1.75
Hudson	Far Away and Long Ago	1.00
Jewett	God's Troubadour	2.00
Jones	The Boy Jesus and His Companions	1.25
Larcom	A New England Girlhood	1.75
Lagerlof	Marbacka	2.50
Muir	The Story of My Boyhood and Youth	3.25
Quiller-Couch	The Roll Call of Honour	2.00
Sandburg	Abraham Lincoln—His Prairie Years	10.00
Turley	The Voyages of Captain Scott	2.00

POCKET POETRY

"Hark! The Poet on the bank
Pipes a ready tune,
Piping to the rising wind
And the silver moon."

Field	The Pointed People	$2.00	*Richards*	The Magic Carpet	3.00
Frothingham	Songs of the Sea	1.75	*Rittenhouse*	The Little Book of Modern Verse	.80
	Songs of Horses	1.65			
Goldmark and Hopkins	The Gypsy Trail	2.00	*Rossetti*	Sing-Song	1.00
MacKinstry	Puck in Pasture	2.00	*Thompson*	Silver Pennies	1.00



Quotations and pictures are all taken from Elizabeth MacKinstry's "Puck in Pasture," through the courtesy of Doubleday Page & Co.

A NATURALIST OF SOUTH CAROLINA

By Samuel Scoville, jr.

MORE years ago than I like to remember, my father used to read aloud to me a marvelous book by Lucien Biart, translated from the French, called "The Adventures of a Young Naturalist." My! My! what experiences that little boy had traveling through the wilds of Mexico with two genial Frenchmen and a wonderful Indian guide. Only recently I looked up the book, and the sight of the old woodcuts brought back to me again the enchantment of those winter evenings. I saw again the picture of the "River of Alligators," its banks covered, as far as eye could see, with crawly saurians. I saw the band of peccaries drive the travelers to the raft. Once again the jaguar crept up to the lonely camp-fire, and the giant ant-eater stood up on its hind legs and tried to throttle L'Encuerado, the Indian. Again the terrible sand-spouts rose whirling to the sky, and the vast, black, sugar-cane snake scattered the camp-fire and crushed in the hut. (I would certainly like to get a specimen of that unknown snake.) The meteor, the armadillo, the strange cavern, the precipice down which they went by ropes—how I wish I could find a book nowadays which would give me the thrills that book used to furnish. Years later I tried to reproduce some of them in a book for boys, called "The Inca Emerald," and I hope that Mr. Biart in Elysium will forgive me for copying his plot.

Probably that book got into my blood, for ever since those golden nights I have gone adventuring in forests and marshes and upon mountain tops, when I ought to have been home practicing law.

Every once in a while in my wanderings I come across other adventurers driven out into the wilds by the same love of the open. In my boyhood there was William Hamilton Gibson, who taught me about insects and flowers and a dozen or so edible mushrooms; and John Burroughs, whose "Wake Robin" aroused a generation of nature-lovers in the seventies.

In later life there was Enos Mills, who knew more about beaver than any living man. Once we had a long and interesting correspondence. He wrote first, "Dear Mr. Scoville, I like your books, Yours truly, Enos Mills." I answered, "Dear Mr. Mills, I like yours, Yours truly, Samuel Scoville, Jr." There it rested. I always hoped that I would meet a man of such good taste—but I put it off too long, and now I will have to wait until I see Lucien Biart and many others who are gone.

From "The Way of the Wild"

Then I met Ernest Thompson Seton, just back from the Barren Lands, a great naturalist, a great artist, and a great writer. Then came Dallas Lore Sharp, who will insist upon writing essays on education when he ought to be doing more of his exquisite nature-studies. Then there is Charles T. Simpson, who sends me tree-snails from Florida, and who knows more about the Florida hammocks than any one else; and Walter Prichard Eaton, who lives near me in the summer, although we never see each other—and who writes wonderfully about duck hawks and foxes and wolves, but who will persist in writing plays and reviews and learned books when he ought to be writing more nature essays.

Then there came a day when I read a nature article in the *Atlantic Monthly* by a man who claimed to have seen a perfectly preposterous number of rare birds in an old garden down in Charleston, South Carolina. His name was Sass, and I always hoped some day to meet him—and I am still hoping. He is another young naturalist. I know he must be very young, for he is not even as old as I am. One editor, who prints stories from both of us, once told me that after seeing Sass, he didn't believe that I could be much of a naturalist, "For," he said, "Sass is thin and has red hair, and you are fat and don't have any hair at all." Then I read some more of his essays about snakes and alligators and birds and beasts. Now, at last, he has collected them in a book which he calls "Adventures in Green Places," full of what he has seen and heard in those strange, haunted lowlands of South Carolina. His description of the nonpareil, "colored like a fairy tale," makes me long to see one. I suppose that some of our birds of the North are just as brilliant, but one always believes that the unknown birds are the better. In one of his articles he writes about the joy of seeing a scarlet tanager—our Northern tanager, which is rarely seen in the South. I remember how excited and pleased I was on an exploring trip in Virginia to see his summer tanager, common enough in South Carolina, but unknown to me. That day I found the nest of the summer tanager and, strangely enough, saw the scarlet tanager on his way North perched within thirty feet of his brilliant brother, so that I had a chance to compare the two.

All of Sass' country is full of things strange and new. The rabbits, instead of being cottontails, are marsh-rabbits, which swim like muskrats. Instead of meeting timber rattlesnakes, he has adventures with cottonmouth moccasins.

One summer at Cape May I spent a happy day studying three of those strange storks, the wood ibis, the first ones ever reported in New Jersey, but they are so common in South Carolina that Sass finds them in his garden. On the other hand, Sass writes that only once has he ever seen a purple finch. The other day, in a walk, I met thirty of them.

Of all of his essays, I think that I like best the one which he has called "The Whimsical Goddess," in which he has col-

lected a series of unusual happenings. Every naturalist has had similar unusual experiences. In that essay Mr. Sass writes of being attacked by a cottonmouth moccasin, an unheard-of proceeding. I have had the same thing happen with black snakes. Usually that reptile, when he meets a human, disappears like the flick of a whip-lash. Once, however, one rushed open-mouthed down a steep bank towards me, and when it reached me, reared up, and struck at me repeatedly.

From "The Way of the Wild"

He tells of a bay lynx attacking a man. I once knew of a gray fox who met a man on a road and fawned upon him like a puppy, and of a red fox who formed a friendship with a dog, and used to play with him every day in the pastures. Other strange happenings with me have been the hearing of a whippoorwill at high noon and a screech owl give his wail in broad daylight, and the finding of a ten-inch garter snake in the bill of a young robin.

Mr. Sass writes nature stories, too, and has published a volume of them, called "The Way of the Wild," a name, by the way, which that British writer of animal stories, the late F. St. Mars, preëmpted some years ago.

Personally, I like Mr. Sass' essays better than his stories, for it always seems to me that he likes to write them better; yet one may go far before reading a more interesting alligator story than "The King of the River," a better study of a duck hawk, that fastest bird which flies, than "Bachelors of Devil-head," or such an exciting raccoon story as "Lotor, the Lucky." At any rate, whether he is writing nature essays or nature stories, this young naturalist of South Carolina is always worth reading, and I hope that these first two books of his are but the beginning of a long series.

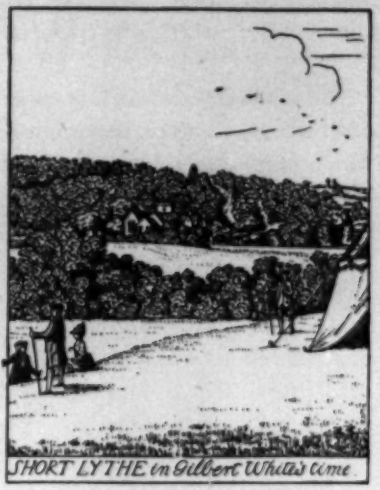
Books by Samuel Scoville, Jr.

Everyday Adventures	$3.00
Wild Folk	2.00
More Wild Folk	2.00

Stories

The Blue Pearl	1.75
The Inca Emerald	1.75
The Red Diamond	1.75
Boy Scouts in the Wilderness	1.75

North East view of SELBORNE from the



SHORT LYTHE in Gilbert White's time

BOOKS FOR THE COUNTRY AND THE SEASHORE

Compiled by LILLIAN PUTNAM, *Teacher of Science*
Shady Hill School, Cambridge, Mass.

Suggestions for a Nature Bookshelf

A complete set of small guidebooks—flowers, trees, birds, butterflies

A larger, more technical guidebook on each special interest represented in the household, or offered by the locality

A volume or two of general nature essays on country or seashore

A book of bird stories—for developing one of the happiest of outdoor hobbies

A book about attracting birds—to continue its development

A book of insect doings in order to appreciate the wonders at your door

One star book, which tells the location and legends of the constellations

A book on the care of pets—if you have them

A book of scientific adventure and discovery, or the biography of a scientist

To set age limits for out-of-door books is almost impossible. All of us who love nature, regardless of our years, are tempted by any book which promises to increase or renew our acquaintance with birds or beasts or stars or stones.

If you are grown up and your interest has been but recently awakened by something afield, or if your experiences out of doors have been limited, a simple book may be most helpful in your search for further knowledge. If you are very young, your interests and experiences may have led you so deep into some bit of nature lore or science that you are not at all disturbed or discouraged by big words and long descriptions. Even if you cannot read, so many of the books have wonderfully fascinating pictures.

In this list, as a rule, the simpler books are placed first under each heading.

GUIDE BOOKS FOR OUT OF DOORS

Books for Identification Only

For beginners and for use in the field. Small, inexpensive, for rapid, easy, and frequent use—the pocket guides.

Land Birds	*Reed*	$1.50
Water Birds	*Reed*	1.50
Trees	*Rogers*	1.50
Flower Guide	*Reed*	1.50
Butterfly Guide	*Holland*	1.50

Larger and more complete, but easy to use and to carry.

Guide to the Trees	*Curtis*	1.50
A simple key and clear description.		
Field Book of Trees	*Mathews*	3.50
Field Book of American Wild Flowers	*Mathews*	3.50
Wayside Flowers of Summer	*Keeler*	3.50
Field Book of Wild Birds and Their Music	*Mathews*	3.50
Field Book of Minerals	*Loomis*	3.50
Field Book of Insects	*Lutz*	3.50
How to Identify the Stars	*Milham*	1.00
Brief but useful.		
Astronomy from a Dipper	*Clarke*	1.25
Amusing and useful for the familiar constellations.		
Fern Lovers' Companion	*Tilton*	3.00

Books of Information and Identification

FLOWERS

FIELD BOOK OF AMERICAN WILD FLOWERS Classified by months.	*Mathews*	$3.50
FAMILIAR FLOWERS OF FIELD AND GARDEN Includes garden flowers.	*Mathews*	2.50
OUR GARDEN FLOWERS Something of the history of garden flowers included.	*Keeler*	3.00
GUIDE TO THE WILD FLOWERS Classified by types of soil—as marsh flowers.	*Lounsberry*	4.00
HOW TO KNOW WILD FLOWERS Classified by colors.	*Parsons*	3.00
WILD FLOWERS OF NEW YORK. 2 vols. Beautiful colored photographs of flowers of Northeastern U. S. A.		7.50
WILD FLOWERS OF NORTH AMERICAN MOUNTAINS	*Henshaw*	4.00

TREES

FAMILIAR TREES	*Mathews*	3.50
TREES WORTH KNOWING	*Rogers*	1.75
OUR NATIVE TREES	*Keeler*	3.00
TREES AND HOW TO KNOW THEM Fine photographs.	*Emerson and Weed*	3.50
THE TREE BOOK	*Rogers*	5.00

SHRUBS

NORTHERN SHRUBS	*Keeler*	3.00

FERNS

FERN LOVERS' COMPANION	*Tilton*	3.00
HOW TO KNOW FERNS	*Parsons*	2.50
OUR FERNS AND THEIR HAUNTS	*Clute*	3.00

MOSSES

HOW TO KNOW MOSSES A book not too technical for beginners; requires no microscope.	*Dunham*	2.50
MOSSES AND LICHENS Large and expensive.	*Marshall*	5.00

GRASSES

FIRST BOOK OF GRASSES A text-book intended for agricultural schools, but helpful for any one interested in knowing the names and characteristics of grasses.	*Chase*	1.25
BOOK OF GRASSES Large, expensive, beautifully illustrated.	*Francis*	5.00

MUSHROOMS

Mushrooms — *McDougall* — 3.00
A convenient, well-illustrated and thoroughly usable guide for those who wish to know the names and habits of these strange and beautiful plants.

Mushroom Book — *Marshall* — 5.00
A much larger book.

BIRDS

Birds Worth Knowing — *Blanchan* — 1.75
A valuable group of selections from the works of this writer.

Bird Craft — *Wright* — 1.75
Complete and helpful.

What Bird Is That? — *Chapman* — 1.50
Brief, for identification at sight.

Birds I Have Known — *Laimbeer* — 4.00
Original photographs and observations, including nests.

Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America — *Chapman* — 4.00
An authority.

Birds of Massachusetts and Other New England States — *Forbush* — 5.00
Shore birds only.

GILBERT WHITE'S OAK

INSECTS

Insect Life — *Comstock* — 4.00
Insects are grouped by environment, as roadside or brook.

Introduction to Entomology — *Comstock* — 6.00

American Boys' Book of Bugs and Beetles — *Beard* — 3.00

The Butterfly Book — *Holland* — 5.00

The Moth Book — *Holland* — 5.00

AMPHIBIANS AND REPTILES

THE FROG BOOK
Dickerson 5.00

THE REPTILE BOOK
Ditmars 5.00

FRESH WATER LIFE

For those who would use a microscope.

LIFE OF INLAND WATERS
Needham and Lloyd 3.00
A useful and interesting text-book.

LIFE IN PONDS AND STREAMS
Furneaux 2.00
The print is rather fine, but it is a storehouse of information.

THE MICROSCOPE SHOWN TO THE CHILDREN 1.25

WHITE'S SUNDIAL

FISH

BOOK OF FISH AND FISHING	*Rhead*	2.00
FISHES	*Jordan*	7.50

SEA LIFE

SEA SHORE LIFE	*Mayer*	1.50
SEA BEACH AT EBB TIDE	*Arnold*	5.00
SHELL BOOK	*Rogers*	5.00

STARS

BOOK OF THE STARS *Olcott* 3.00
Almost entirely devoted to the constellations—legends, position, identification.

STARS AND THEIR STORIES	*Griffith*	1.00
ASTRONOMY WITH AN OPERA GLASS	*Serviss*	2.50

Books for Adults and Older Children

BOOKS FOR PARENTS WHO WANT TO HELP OR TO BE HELPED

Older children will enjoy them also.

For questions in nature study

HANDBOOK OF NATURE STUDY *Comstock* $4.00
Written for teachers, but so clear, readable, and so well illustrated, that every one enjoys it.

For all sorts of scientific information

		4 vols.
OUTLINE OF SCIENCE	*Thomson*	18.00
A wonderful book.		
THE NEW NATURAL HISTORY. Vol. I.	*Thomson*	6.00

For questions about the beginnings of life

PLANT AND ANIMAL CHILDREN	*Torelle*	.96
Written for children, in text-book style, it may be placed in their hands; but parents will find in it a brief, accurate account of the beginning and development of all sorts of living things, which may help them in answering the questions of younger children.		

For astronomy

THE HEAVENS	*Fabre*	5.00
A clear and fascinating account of the workings of the universe—for older people.		

For evolution

EVOLUTION FOR JOHN DOE	*Ward*	3.50
MEANING OF EVOLUTION	*Schmucker*	.75
EVOLUTION AND ANIMAL LIFE	*Jordan and Kellogg*	4.00

For the weather

MAN AND WEATHER	*McAdie*	2.00

For scientific progress and the marvels of science

CHATS ON SCIENCE	*Slosson*	2.00
KEEPING UP WITH SCIENCE	*Slosson*	2.50
SCIENCE REMAKING THE WORLD	*Caldwell and Slosson*	2.50

For the human machine

ENGINES OF THE HUMAN BODY	*Keith*	4.50

Exploring a new world

THE MICROBE HUNTERS	*De Kruif*	3.50

Books About Pets, Aquaria

A well-cared-for pet is a pleasure to every one; a neglected pet is a crime against the creature and the neighborhood. These books may help in the care and selection of pets.

PETS FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT	*Verrill*	$2.00
Includes wild birds and reptiles and aquaria, as well as other creatures.		
PETS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS	*Macself*	2.00
A chapter on silkworms and one on aquaria.		
THE AQUARIUM BOOK	*Boulenger*	3.50

FRIENDLY BOOKS

While accurate in statement, these books are more for neighborly acquaintance than for scientific information.

FOR THE COUNTRY

THE OLD WILLOW TREE	*Ewald*	$1.75
The tree and its neighbors talk things over. The author is a Dane who knows children.		
SHARP EYES	*Gibson*	4.00
EYE SPY	*Gibson*	4.00
Books which help to sharpen every one's eyes.		
SPRING OF THE YEAR	*Sharp*	1.00
Contains "Turtle Eggs for Agassiz," which any boy will appreciate.		
LAY OF THE LAND	*Sharp*	1.75
EVERYDAY ADVENTURES	*Scoville*	3.00
Written by a lawyer who has kept his boyish enthusiasm for out of doors.		
SECRETS OF THE FRIENDLY WOODS	*Brasher*	2.50
SIGNS AND SEASONS	*Burroughs*	2.00
MAINE WOODS	*Thoreau*	2.50
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CLERK OF THE WOODS	*Torrey*	1.75
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MY FIRST SUMMER IN THE SIERRA	*Muir*	3.25
THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE	*White*	3.00

These are only suggestions from among the many volumes of each of these authors. After reading one, you may easily find the others.

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For beginners

LITTLE SEA FOLK	*Gaylord*	1.50
About things found on the beach.		
SEA STORIES FOR WONDER EYES	*Hardy*	.68
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DWELLERS OF THE SEA SHORE — *Crowder* — 2.25
Contains just what one wants to know about shore life.

SAND DUNES AND SALT MARSHES — *Townsend* — 3.50

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For small people who like fine pictures and talking animals.

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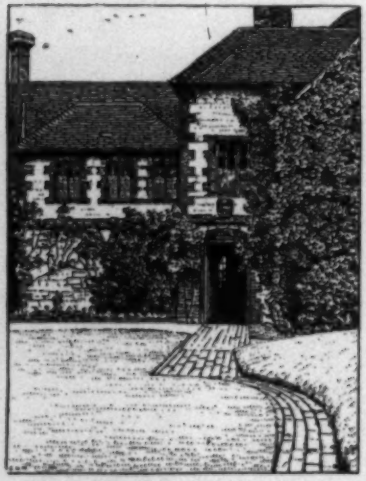

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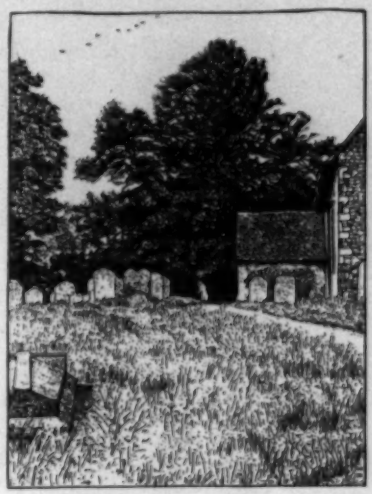

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BIRDS AND THEIR ATTRIBUTES *Allen* 3.50
A splendid book for those who want to understand bird life.

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This may lead into a fascinating new hobby—the wild flower garden.

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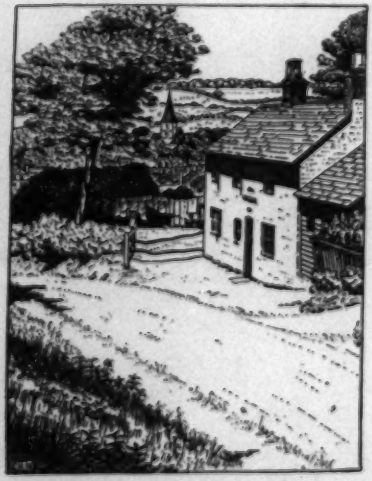

ALTON FROM WINDMILL HILL

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BOOK OF INSECTS In a beautifully illustrated edition.	*Fabre*	5.00
WAYS OF THE SIX-FOOTED	*Comstock*	.60
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OUR INSECT FRIENDS AND FOES Intended for a text-book, but extremely interesting.	*Dupuy*	.80
SOCIAL LIFE AMONG INSECTS For older people.	*Wheeler*	4.00

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THE SPINNER FAMILY	*Patterson*	1.75

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STAR PEOPLE Stories of the constellations for beginners.	*Johnson*	1.50
SKY MOVIES Seven "reels" of entertaining information about heavenly bodies. The moon is especially well done.	*Johnson*	1.50
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BOOK OF STARS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE	*Mitton*	2.50
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The lectures which were broadcast this winter from the Harvard Observatory.		
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Origin of earth, of life, of religion, of knowledge.		
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Book of a Naturalist	*Hudson*	3.00
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William Crawford Gorgas	*Gorgas and Hendrick*	5.00

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE

By Gilbert White. Edited, with notes, by Grant Allen
Illustrated by Edmund H. New. $3.00

"Some time about the year 1755, as far as one can judge, there went to settle down at Selborne, in Hampshire, a certain quiet and unobtrusive parson—the Reverend Gilbert White, Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford—who has made his out-of-the-way village into a place of pilgrimage for all lovers of nature on both sides of the Atlantic. . . . So modest was he, indeed, and so careless of fame that no portrait now exists of him, and only a few particulars can with difficulty be gleaned from very brief notices about the man whose letters have probably been reprinted in a greater number of editions than those of any other English worthy. . . .

"Fully to understand 'The Natural History of Selborne,' one ought to visit Selborne itself. There, facing the chief street of the village, you see a quiet and unobtrusive old house, which is the one where White made his immortal observations and penned in peace his immortal letters. . . . The front windows, it is true, give upon a very compact street of eighteenth century domestic architecture; the back opens out upon a spacious lawn and garden, sloping up toward the Hanger, and wooded with fine old trees, some of them doubtless of Gilbert White's own planting. Here the easy-minded Fellow of Oriel and curate of Faringdon could sit in his rustic chair all day long, and observe the birds and beasts as they dropped in to visit him. . . .

"I confess I can never read a page or two of White without recalling to my mind those exquisite lines of Austin Dobson's which sum up for us the ideal eighteenth-century gentleman:

> "'He liked the well-wheel's creaking tongue—
> He liked the thrush that stopped and sung—
> He liked the drone of flies among
> His netted peaches;
> He liked to watch the sunlight fall
> Athwart his ivied orchard wall;
> Or pause to catch the cuckoo's call
> Beyond the beeches.'"

Introduction.

The pictures throughout the preceding list are taken from the above edition of "The Natural History of Selborne," published by Dodd, Mead & Company.

BIRDS, AND A LAND OF ROMANCE

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

I HAVE tried to write about the beauty of birds in a region where birds are abundant and very beautiful—a region rich also in romance.

One spring day I went in search of herons, and found them in hundreds, in a place where I can always find them at that season. Sweeping in white and blue squadrons through the air or perching in regiments on the tops of the low bushes, where they had their nests, they greeted me with hoarse cries and a craning of plumed, slender necks as I landed on their little islet in a country of green marshes, serene and peaceful now, but once the scene of battle between blue and gray armies. As always, the place was athrob with life as its feathered inhabitants came and went about their business; yet I had not been there half an hour when I realized that I was in no mood for herons that morning. With the tall, beautiful birds mov-

Herbert Ravenel Sass

ing all around me and scores of nests almost within arm's length, I lay on my back in the matted grass under a palmetto and thought about white ibises, snakebirds, eagles, carmine-billed purple gallinules, black-bearded pirates, ladies in gay brocades and gentlemen with powdered hair, and about an old plantation not many miles away, where once upon a time some seventy white men were massacred by Indians.

It was not altogether my fault that my mind went roving in this fashion, and certainly it was not the fault of that populous heron city. It is a thing which has happened often, and which will continue to happen, and it is the fault of this country about which I am going to write briefly here—the Low Country of South Carolina.

It is a country unlike any other, in its way very beautiful, teeming with wild life, abounding in historic memories and romantic legends. It has only one serious and unusual defect. It is so full of El Dorados that even in so fascinating a spot as that heron metropolis it is sometimes difficult to be content. Other places beckon—a cypress swamp, where hundreds of white ibises breed; a river jungle, where black bears live and alligators make their nests; a seaside wood, where Stede Bonnet's pirates may have caroused; an Indian battlefield or an old plantation, where something memorable happened a century or two centuries ago. There are scores, or rather hundreds, of such places in the Low Country; and it was the thought of some of these others that plagued me that morning, so that while I lay, half-dozing, under the palmetto among the herons, my mind was far away from the heron city, wandering amid other and very different scenes.

This is not a fanciful picture. The alluvial country lying along the Atlantic Coast between the Pee Dee and the Savannah rivers is as full of history and legend as a bit of old England. It was one of the first regions of America to which the white men came, and its civilization is among the oldest on the continent; but it has suffered less change through the years than any other settled region of the Southeast and has kept more of its virgin charm than any other.

Northward out of Charles Town in the old days ran, and still runs, the "Broad Path"—the great trail of the Indians and

traders, leading hundreds of miles into the interior, to the unknown mountain country and the vast wilderness beyond. That interior wilderness has gone, and its wild creatures have gone with it, but here in the Low Country something of that wilderness survives. You can start from Charleston today along the Broad Path and come in less than half an hour to woods where wild deer still graze and bay lynxes still stalk wild gobblers. You can set out from the city at dawn, spend an hour on a still lagoon, where a big alligator, twice as long as a man, may circle your boat—as one circled mine the other morning—while a bald eagle looks on from a treetop at a safe distance, and be back in town in time for breakfast. In thirty minutes, as though you had flown a hundred leagues upon some space-annihilating Magic Carpet of the Afreets, you have jumped from the city's streets into the home of the deer, the 'gator, the lynx, the turkey, and the eagle; in thirty minutes —with the help of half a gallon of "gas"—you can jump back into civilization again.

And every foot of the road which you travel on that little before-breakfast journey is historic ground. The Broad Path itself, or Great Path, as it was often called, is a highway of romance when the mind dwells upon the strange caravans that once passed over it—parties of Indian hunters coming into Charles Town to exchange deer hides and bear skins for powder and trinkets, cavalcades of traders bound for the Indian cities of the upper-country, the equipages of rich planters driving into town from their plantations along Goose Creek and Cooper River. Along the Broad Path in the spring of 1715 passed an even stranger procession—the planters of the Goose Creek country and their families fleeing before the storm of the great Indian uprising when the powerful Yemassees, for a time the friends of the whites, rallied all the tribes of Carolina in a great, concerted effort to wipe out the little colony.

Four hundred Indians coming down from the northward had invaded the Goose Creek lands. Captain Thomas Barker, with ninety horsemen, had gone out to meet them; but putting too much faith in an Indian guide, Barker's troop was led into an ambuscade in the deep woods, where he and some of his men were killed and the rest routed. On a plantation near

the Santee a still darker tragedy was enacted. Here seventy whites and forty negroes had entrenched themselves behind breastworks, and few escaped the horrible massacre which ensued when the Redskins, treacherously proposing peace, were permitted to enter the fort. Not till Captain Chicken and his riflemen had fought a long and stubborn battle with the savages within sixteen miles of the city walls was the invasion checked, the town secured from attack, and the Broad Path made safe from Indian war parties lurking in the forest along the road.

That is but one small part of one chapter of the Broad Path's long and romantic story. All the old Low Country roads are for the same reason highways of romance, and all along them, to right and to left, are places—old plantations or old battlefields or vine-covered ruins of old churches—once the scene of stirring events, and yet in many cases almost forgotten now, their stories preserved only in legend and tradition. The whole Low Country is one vast treasure house of these old memories—of the first explorers and adventurers, of the Indians and the Indian fighters, of the buccaneers who plagued the colonists in the early days, of the partisan warriors of the Revolution, of the great planters who ruled this region in the palmy days of the old plantation system, of the armies which fought back and forth through these woods and across these marshes in the last and greatest war waged on Carolina soil—the war that wiped out the planters' civilization.

Wherever one goes one comes upon these memories: perhaps where Sanute, the friendly Indian, came to the house of the Scotch Highlander, John Fraser, and warned Fraser's wife that as soon as the Bloody Stick, the emblem of war, had been returned by the Creeks and Cherokees, the slaughter of the whites would begin; perhaps on a little island in Broad River, where a handful of French adventurers, despairing of their leader's return from France, built a boat from the forest trees, rigged it with cordage made from bark, and, with sheets and shirts for sails, set out on their ill-fated voyage across the Atlantic; or amid the ruins of an old plantation house, now swallowed by the forest, where Lafayette was once a guest; or on a riverside plantation, where, according to tradition, the

great chief Attakullakulla, whose very name sounds like a war-whoop, signed a treaty of peace with Lieutenant Governor Bull; or upon a battlefield which has smelled the smoke of three wars; or by a broken, discolored tomb in the woods, where a British major, killed in a battle of the Revolution, sleeps forever.

But the charm of the Low Country does not spring wholly from its rich past, nor is its wistful, mystical beauty the only element in the almost hypnotic influence which it exerts.

A Low Country Lagoon

There are other regions where history has been made and there are other regions as beautiful—perhaps, to those who love hills and mountains, more beautiful. The thing that sets the Low Country apart is this: with all its wealth of history and legend, it is still a young land, still wild, still unspoiled, in spite of the ravages of the lumbermen, not yet metamorphosed as a whole into something utterly different from its primitive state; still the site of great tracts of forest, deep, lonely swamps, and wide, inaccessible marshes. This is an essential element of its magic, and it is this that makes it

unique. For where else in America can be found such a combination as this one: a country old and mellowed with tradition, the scene of a wonderful cavalier civilization which perished at the zenith of its glory, full of fascinating landmarks of bygone times, abounding in legends of a brilliant past, as rich in historic lore as some Old World land whose castles find their counterparts here in the old plantation houses, some of which have come down from the earliest days of the Province through all its many wars; and yet, with all this, a country which remains in large part much as nature made it, which in the main has not been transformed and standardized by the modern god, Development, which is beautiful with a sort of wilderness beauty, and which is the home of an abundant wild life, and a paradise for those who love wild living things?

Perhaps I should not have written at such length about this Low Country, since to others it may not be as interesting as it is to me; but the Horn Book has asked me to write something about myself or about my work, and this is the country in which I have lived all my life and about which I have written. Mainly I have written about its wild creatures, particularly its birds, because from boyhood birds have always had for me a strange and compelling charm. There are many birds here, many birds of exceptional interest and unusual beauty; and I could not live with them year after year without coming more and more completely under their spell.

It is their beauty which means most to me, their beauty as I see them alive and free in the green places, where they are at home. This, to my mind, is of greater importance than the minute details which interest the technical ornithologist; of greater importance even than the habits of birds, deeply interesting as these are. It seems to me that in the beauty of birds there is an almost celestial quality; their ethereal airiness and buoyancy, their fairylike lightness and gracefulness, their indescribable elegance of form and of movement are unparalleled in nature and lift them above all other living things. It is to this ethereal character, even more than to their bright and varied colors, that they owe their loveliness.

Yet this is not all of that loveliness, but only a part; and that loveliness of birds is a thing which can never be expressed

in words. Hence the task which I have set myself—the task of putting into words the magic of the beauty of birds—cannot be performed, and when all has been written that can be written, the greater part must remain unsaid. So I have written sometimes about other things—I have tried to tell in story form the drama of the lives of birds and of other wild folk, and the drama of men who live in the woods, or who lived there in the old, adventurous, romantic days. Nearly always the Low Country has been the setting for these tales—this South Carolina Low Country, just now becoming known to the tourist, where those who have ears for such things may still hear Pan's pipes in green, remote places yet unspoiled by man.

Books by Herbert Ravenel Sass

The Way of the Wild	$2.50
Adventures in Green Places	2.50

Joseph Cranstoun Jones' Silhouettes

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The Bookshop has taken great pride in being able to display during three recent weeks the silhouettes of Joseph Cranstoun Jones. Those who learn of his work from these pages for the first time may like to know that some of his silhouettes will be in the Bookshop again and may be seen upon request.

THE REMARKABLE SILHOUETTES OF JOSEPH CRANSTOUN JONES

By Nat Choate

I HAVE had one of the rare privileges that an Art Editor can hope for—that of, at least in part, discovering an unusually talented artist, comparatively unknown, perhaps, but well-remembered by all those who see his work and realize his remarkable dexterity. Few boys or girls begin to draw earlier than they learn to use scissors. It is one of the most

common things that great artists come from these children who cut out their thoughts in paper. Strange though the medium appears, it seems to be the most direct for the young mind to employ for expressing its inner visions and recollections.

It is with especial pleasure that I have introduced this talented sixteen-year-old boy to the *Youth's Companion* pages, where so many of our first illustrators of today have grown up through the experience they acquired working for this century-old magazine.

Joe Jones, of Augusta, Georgia, won first prize with one of his silhouettes, in a drawing contest at Valparaiso, Indiana—competing against more than 2,000, from all over the world. More and more is his work being acknowledged by the publishing world, and a great many of his originals have found homes with art lovers everywhere. These originals have a remarkable finish and delicacy that the etching of the plate for reproduction loses.

Joe's art does not require mention of the fact that he has been an invalid all his life and has spent most of his sixteen years in bed—for a long time strapped to his cot in a hospital, during which time his frail, deft fingers fashioned silhouettes. Knowing all this only increases our interest in his art, which cannot help but speak for itself, however. It is with awe, indeed, that people realize that many of these little animals that he fashions, in their remarkable and startling attitudes, have, of necessity, never been seen by Joe, and are simply creations of his dreams.

ALICE-HEIDI'S SECRETS

Scene: Sitting-room of Alice-Heidi's House

Alice-Heidi: (enters from hall) O dear! O dear! That child Wendy has left all the scrapbooks all over the floor. She is a nice child to have around, but I do wish she would remember to pick up the things she plays with. Wendy! Wendy! (She goes to door and calls.)

Wendy: (from upstairs) I'm coming! I'm coming!
(Enter Wendy very pink in the face and with an apple in her hand.)

Alice-Heidi: Why will you never walk down the stairs, but always come sliding down the banisters? Your dress is a sight.

Wendy: Because I am in such a hurry to get here. I thought you wanted me.

Alice-Heidi: I do. Now sit down on the stool, and don't break it by tipping on it, and listen to what I have to say. (Wendy sits down meekly.) You know everybody thought I was missing before you came and they *suspected* a brownie had something to do with it.

Wendy: (opening her eyes wide) You missing!

Alice-Heidi: Yes, they thought I had gone off and somebody else had come to take my place; and of course it was only because the Brownie had made me look like you, because I said I wanted to look as if I were your sister if you were coming to live with me.

Wendy: And everybody says you do look quite like me, only you're bigger, of course.

Alice-Heidi: Yes, but I'm still I inside, and the question is how to make people believe I am.

Wendy: (frowning) People are so stupid. I don't know how they ever come to believe anything. Can't the Brownie help us?

Alice-Heidi: Where is the Brownie? The last I saw of him he was pulling the tail of the mouse in the cupboard.

Wendy: There he is! Peeking out from under the wing-chair. Come out of there, Brownie. (Alice-Heidi and Wendy pull out the wiggling, squirming Brownie.)

Alice-Heidi: Brownie, now that you have changed me so that I look differently, you've got to tell me how I am going

to make people know I am the same inside. (The Brownie prances around and winks at Wendy.)

Brownie: (slowly and doubtfully) Of course I *can* change you back again if you want.

Alice-Heidi: Of course I don't want to! I never was satisfied with myself, even after my Hallowe'en adventure, and now I am. Of course I don't want to change again.

Wendy: No, of course she doesn't want to. I like her just as she is because she is like a big sister to me. (Wendy runs to put her arm around Alice-Heidi.)

Brownie: (scratching his head) Well then, I can't see but that you will just have to let them think what they want to think.

Wendy: The children will understand, of course; and we don't care about the grown-ups, because the grown-ups don't really care about us, since we're only dolls.

Brownie: Yes, we don't care about the grown-ups.

(Wendy and the Brownie snatch Alice-Heidi by the hand and begin to dance around in a circle, saying:)

Who cares about the grown-ups?
"Not I," says the Brownie.
"Not I," says Alice-Heidi.
"Not I," says Wendy.
"Not I," says the mouse in the cupboard.

(They shake the house so that the fire-irons slide down, the flower-pots rock on the window-sill, and Alice-Heidi breaks away to save the blue china vase from tipping over.)

Brownie: Then that's all right! Let's have crispy pancakes and maple sugar for supper.

THE WHITE HERON

By Sarah Orne Jewett

I

THE woods were already filled with shadows one June evening, just before eight o'clock, though a bright sunset still glimmered faintly among the trunks of the trees. A little girl was driving home her cow—a plodding, dilatory, provoking creature in her behavior, but a valued companion for all that. They were going away from the western light, and striking deep into the dark woods, but their feet were familiar with the path, and it was no matter whether their eyes could see it or not.

There was hardly a night the summer through when the old cow could be found waiting at the pasture bars; on the contrary, it was her greatest pleasure to hide herself away among the high huckleberry bushes, and though she wore a loud bell, she had made the discovery that if one stood perfectly still it would not ring. So Sylvia had to hunt for her until she found her, and call Co'! Co'! with never an answering Moo until her patience was quite spent. . . .

It was a great while since she had left home, at half-past five o'clock, but everybody knew the difficulty of making this errand a short one. Mrs. Tilley had chased the hornéd torment too many summer evenings herself to blame any one else for lingering, and was only thankful as she waited that she had Sylvia, nowadays, to give such valuable assistance. The good woman suspected that Sylvia loitered occasionally on her own account; there never was such a child for straying about out-of-doors since the world was made!

Everybody said that it was a good change for a little maid who had tried to grow for eight years in a crowded manufacturing town, but as for Sylvia herself, it seemed as if she

never had been alive at all before she came to live at the farm. . . .

The companions followed the shady woodroad, the cow taking slow steps, and the child very fast ones. The cow stopped long at the brook to drink, as if the pasture were not half a swamp, and Sylvia stood still and waited, letting her bare feet cool themselves in the shoal water, while the great twilight moths struck softly against her. She waded on through the brook as the cow moved away, and listened to the thrushes with a heart that beat fast with pleasure. There was a stirring in the great boughs overhead. They were full of little birds and beasts that seemed to be wide-awake, and going about their world, or else saying good-night to each other in sleepy twitters. Sylvia herself felt sleepy as she walked along. However, it was not much farther to the house, and the air was soft and sweet. She was not often in the woods so late as this, and it made her feel as if she were a part of the gray shadows and the moving leaves. She was just thinking how long it seemed since she first came to the farm a year ago, and wondering if everything went on in the noisy town just the same as when she was there; the thought of the great red-faced boy who used to chase and frighten her made her hurry along the path to escape from the shadow of the trees.

Suddenly this little woods-girl is horrorstricken to hear a clear whistle not very far away. Not a bird's whistle, which would have a sort of friendliness, but a boy's whistle, determined, and somewhat aggressive. Sylvia left the cow to whatever sad fate might await her, and stepped discreetly aside into the bushes, but she was just too late. The enemy had discovered her, and called out in a very cheerful and persuasive tone, "Halloa, little girl, how far is it to the road?" and trembling, Sylvia answered almost inaudibly, "A good ways."

She did not dare to look boldly at the tall young man, who carried a gun over his shoulder, but she came out of her bush and again followed the cow, while he walked alongside.

"I have been hunting for some birds," the stranger said kindly, "and I have lost my way, and need a friend very much. Don't be afraid," he added gallantly. "Speak up and

tell me what your name is, and whether you think I can spend the night at your house, and go out gunning early in the morning." . . .

Mrs. Tilley was standing in the doorway when the trio came into view. The cow gave a loud moo by way of explanation.

"Yes, you'd better speak up for yourself, you old trial! Where'd she tucked herself away this time, Sylvy?" Sylvia kept an awed silence; she knew by instinct that her grandmother did not comprehend the gravity of the situation. She must be mistaking the stranger for one of the farmer-lads of the region.

The young man stood his gun beside the door, and dropped a heavy game-bag beside it; then he bade Mrs. Tilley good-evening, and repeated his wayfarer's story, and asked if he could have a night's lodging.

"Put me anywhere you like," he said. "I must be off early in the morning, before day; but I am very hungry, indeed. You can give me some milk at any rate, that's plain."

"Dear sakes, yes," responded the hostess, whose long slumbering hospitality seemed to be easily awakened. "You might fare better if you went out on the main road a mile or so, but you're welcome to what we've got. I'll milk right off, and you make yourself at home. You can sleep on husks or feathers," she proffered graciously. "I raised them all myself. There's good pasturing for geese just below here, towards the ma'sh. Now step round and set a plate for the gentleman, Sylvy!" And Sylvia promptly stepped. She was glad to have something to do, and she was hungry herself.

. . . . . .

He listened eagerly to the old woman's quaint talk, he watched Sylvia's pale face and shining gray eyes with ever growing enthusiasm, and insisted that this was the best supper he had eaten for a month; then, afterward, the new-made friends sat down in the doorway together while the moon came up.

. . . . . .

"So Sylvy knows all about birds, does she?" he exclaimed, as he looked round at the little girl who sat, very demure, but increasingly sleepy, in the moonlight. "I am making a collection of birds myself. I have been at it ever since I was a boy." (Mrs. Tilley smiled.) "There are two or three very rare ones I have been hunting for these five years. I mean to get them on my own ground if they can be found."

"Do you cage 'em up?" asked Mrs. Tilley doubtfully, in response to this enthusiastic announcement.

"Oh, no, they're stuffed and preserved, dozens and dozens of them," said the ornithologist, "and I have shot or snared every one myself. I caught a glimpse of a white heron three miles from here on Saturday, and I have followed it in this direction. They have never been found in this district at all. The little white heron, it is," and he turned again to look at Sylvia with the hope of discovering that the rare bird was one of her acquaintances.

But Sylvia was watching a hop-toad in the narrow path.

"You would know the heron if you saw it," the stranger continued eagerly. "A queer, tall, white bird with soft feathers and long, thin legs. And it would have a nest, perhaps, in the top of a high tree, made of sticks, something like a hawk's nest."

Sylvia's heart gave a wild beat; she knew that strange white bird, and had once stolen softly near where it stood in some bright-green swamp grass, away over at the other side of the woods. There was an open place where the sunshine always seemed strangely yellow and hot, where tall, nodding rushes grew, and her grandmother had warned her that she might sink in the soft, black mud underneath and never be heard of more. Not far beyond were the salt marshes, and beyond those

was the sea—the sea which Sylvia wondered and dreamed about, but never had looked upon, though its great voice could often be heard above the noise of the woods on stormy nights.

"I can't think of anything I should like so much as to find that heron's nest," the handsome stranger was saying. "I would give ten dollars to anybody who could show it to me," he added desperately, "and I mean to spend my whole vacation hunting for it if need be. Perhaps it was only migrating, or had been chased out of its own region by some bird of prey."

Mrs. Tilley gave amazed attention to all of this, but Sylvia still watched the toad, not divining, as she might have done at some calmer time, that the creature wished to get to its hole under the doorstep, and was much hindered by the unusual spectators at that hour of the evening. No amount of thought, that night, could decide how many wished-for treasures the ten dollars, so lightly spoken of, would buy.

The next day the young sportsman hovered about the woods, and Sylvia kept him company, having lost her first fear of the friendly lad, who proved to be most kind and sympathetic. He told her many things about the birds, and what they knew and where they lived and what they did with themselves. And he gave her a jackknife, which she thought as great a treasure as if she were a desert-islander. All day long he did not once make her troubled or afraid, except when he brought down some unsuspecting singing creature from its bough. Sylvia would have liked him vastly better without his gun; she could not understand why he killed the very birds he seemed to like so much. . . . They stopped to listen to a bird's song; they pressed forward again eagerly, parting the branches—speaking to each other rarely and in whispers; the young man going first and Sylvia following, fascinated, a few steps behind, with her gray eyes dark with excitement.

II

Half a mile from home, at the farther edge of the woods, where the land was highest, a great pine-tree stood, the last of its generation. Whether it was left for a boundary mark, or for what reason, no one could say; the woodchoppers who had felled its mates were dead and gone long ago, and a whole forest of sturdy trees—pines and oaks and maples—had grown again. But the stately head of this old pine towered above them all, and made a landmark for sea and shore miles and miles away. Sylvia knew it well. She had always believed that whoever climbed to the top of it could see the ocean; and the little girl had often laid her hand on the great rough trunk and looked up wistfully at those dark boughs that the wind always stirred, no matter how hot and still the air might be below. Now she thought of the tree with a new excitement; for why, if one climbed it at break of day, could not one see all the world, and easily discover whence the white heron flew, and mark the place, and find the hidden nest?

What a spirit of adventure, what wild ambition! What fancied triumph and delight and glory for the later morning, when she could make known the secret! It was almost too real and too great for the childish heart to bear.

All night the door of the little house stood open, and the whippoorwills came and sang upon the very step. The young sportsman and his old hostess were sound asleep, but Sylvia's great design kept her broad awake and watching. She forgot to think of sleep. The short, summer night seemed as long as the winter darkness, and at last, when the whippoorwills ceased, and she was afraid the morning would, after all, come too soon, she stole out of the house and followed the pasture path through the woods, hastening toward the open ground beyond, listening with a sense of comfort and companionship to the drowsy twitter of a half-awakened bird, whose perch she had jarred in passing. Alas, if the great wave of human interest which flooded for the first time this dull little life should sweep away the satisfactions of an existence heart to heart with nature and the dumb life of the forest!

There was the huge tree asleep yet in the paling moonlight, and small and hopeful Sylvia began with utmost bravery to mount to the top of it, with tingling, eager blood coursing the channels of her whole frame, with her bare feet and fingers, that pinched and held like bird's claws to the monstrous ladder reaching up, up, almost to the sky itself. First she must mount the white oak tree that grew alongside, where she was almost lost among the dark branches and the green leaves heavy and wet with dew; a bird fluttered off its nest, and a red squirrel ran to and fro and scolded pettishly at the harmless house-breaker. Sylvia felt her way easily. She had often climbed there, and knew that higher still one of the oak's upper branches chafed against the pine trunk just where its lower boughs were set close together. There, when she made the dangerous pass from one tree to the other, the great enterprise would really begin.

She crept out along the swaying oak limb at last, and took the daring step across into the old pine-tree. The way was harder than she thought; she must reach far and hold fast; the sharp, dry twigs caught and held her and scratched her like angry talons; the pitch made her thin little fingers clumsy and stiff as she went round and round the tree's great stem, higher and higher upward. The sparrows and robins in the woods below were beginning to wake and twitter to the dawn, yet it seemed much lighter there aloft in the pine-tree, and

the child knew that she must hurry if her project were to be of any use.

The tree seemed to lengthen itself out as she went up, and to reach farther and farther upward. It was like a great mainmast to the voyaging earth; it must truly have been amazed that morning through all its ponderous frame as it felt this determined spark of human spirit creeping and climbing from higher branch to branch. Who knows how steadily the least twigs held themselves to advantage this light, weak creature on her way! The old pine must have loved his new dependent. More than all the hawks, the bats, the moths, and even the sweet-voiced thrushes, was the brave, beating heart of the solitary, gray-eyed child. The tree stood still and held away the winds that June morning while the dawn grew bright in the east.

Sylvia's face was like a pale star, if one had seen it from the ground, when the last thorny bough was past, and she stood trembling and tired, but wholly triumphant, high in the tree-top. Yes, there was the sea, with the dawning sun making a golden dazzle over it, and toward that glorious east flew two hawks with slow-moving pinions. How low they looked in the air from that height, when before one had only seen them far up, and dark against the blue sky. Their gray feathers were as soft as moths; they seemed only a little way from the tree, and Sylvia felt as if she, too, could go flying away among the clouds. Westward, the woodlands and farms reached miles and miles into the distance; here and there were church steeples, and white villages; truly it was a vast and awesome world.

The birds sang louder and louder. At last the sun came up bewilderingly bright. Sylvia could see the white sails of ships out at sea, and the clouds that were purple and rose-colored and yellow at first began to fade away. Where was the white heron's nest in the sea of green branches, and was this wonderful sight and pageant of the world the only reward for having climbed to such a giddy height? Now look down again, Sylvia, where the green marsh is set among the shining birches and dark hemlocks; there where you saw the white heron once you will see him again; look, look! a white spot

of him like a single, floating feather comes up from the dead hemlock and grows larger, and rises, and comes close at last, and goes by the landmark pine with steady sweep of wing and outstretched slender neck and crested head. And wait! wait! do not move a foot or a finger, little girl, do not send an arrow of light and consciousness from your two eager eyes, for the heron has perched on a pine bough not far beyond yours, and cries back to his mate on the nest, and plumes his feathers for the new day!

The child gives a long sigh a minute later when a company of shouting catbirds comes also to the tree, and vexed by their fluttering and lawlessness, the solemn heron goes away. She knows his secret now, the wild, light, slender bird that floats and wavers, and goes back like an arrow presently to his home in the green world beneath. Then Sylvia, well satisfied, makes her perilous way down again, not daring to look far below the branch she stands on, ready to cry sometimes because her fingers ache and her lamed feet slip. Wondering over and over again what the stranger would say to her, and what he would think when she told him how to find his way straight to the heron's nest.

"Sylvy, Sylvy!" called the busy old grandmother again and again, but nobody answered, and the small husk bed was empty, and Sylvia had disappeared.

The guest waked from a dream, and remembering his day's pleasure, hurried to dress himself that it might sooner begin. He was sure from the way the shy little girl looked once or twice yesterday that she had at least seen the white heron, and now she must really be persuaded to tell. Here she comes now,